

PALMETTO STANDARD.

Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, and to the Political, Agricultural and Educational Interests of the State.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
Payable in Advance.

Editors.

CHESTER, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1853.

NUMBER 27.

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THE PALMETTO STANDARD.

WORD RUSSELL ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

We copy the following extracts from the *London Quarterly Review*, from which his last published work, it is known that he is still living, and correspondence of Charles James Fox. This passage occurs in the *Review of Independence*.

The Prodigy of Independence. This dimension and the age of an infant State, have been given to mankind; it has now a grand creation.

Men of all would have been possible to mould the colonies in subjection to the Crown of England for a much longer period, well as they could. Trade regulated at Westminster would have been consonant with wealth and freedom at New York. Some such a regulation would, however, even the Americans, as a government, which they have filled the breast of the Americans.

The colonies, however, have been fully adopted by the mother country, which they have filled the breast of the Americans.

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Derivation of Independence. On Wednesday last, a most tragic incident occurred on the Central Railroad, at Dryden station, in this county, the particulars of which are as follows:—An Ishman, whose name we have not learned, and who had been employed about the road there, took some time past, was waiting the arrival of the train to come to Altoona, and while his work about fell in with another, who was at work on the road; and the two, by some means, got into a good natural ruggedness, when the latter ran away, who first pursued, and in the chase the Ishman, who was close upon him, fell over him, and by a singular fatality dislocated his neck and instantaneously died.

A passing incident, surely, but how much more affecting when we add that the very train for which he was waiting bore his wife and children just from Ireland, on their way to meet him. Immediately then the sore anguish which exasperated them, while gazing on his cold and lifeless remains, instead of receiving his fond and affectionate embrace. The picture claims a tear.—*Hollidaysburg Register.*

France.—France seems to be doing little besides watching the conduct of Russia towards Turkey, and that of Austria towards Belgium; and she is not satisfied with either. The French government is really a Jack of all trades. In addition to governing and administering justice, it repairs roads and makes railroads; it builds houses, it lends money, it breeds horses, it practices farming, it teaches music and dancing, it keeps up theatres, it exhibits boys, and sells pictures, it publishes books occasionally and pensions annually, and it finds places for savants. But the French people do not think this enough; they want it to do everything, and especially to bestow well-paid places with easy work upon everybody.—*Cor. Nat. Intelligence.*

Marriage in Jail.—Joshua Anderson, in prison at Washington, on the charge of killing a slave of Mr. S. C. Legg, at Williamsport, and now awaiting the requisition of the Governor of Maryland, the Republic says, was, on the 28th ult., married in jail, by the Rev. John Sevier, a local elder of the Methodist Church. The bride was desirous of having a bridesmaid, and the groom a groomsman; but, on being assured that such arrangements were not actually required in such delicate matters, the knot was tied in the presence of two of the jail police.

European Intelligence.—From the various correspondents of the New-York *Advertiser*, we select the following interesting items of European news, under date of June 10th. A London correspondent says:

I have just heard that the Russian Ambassador has notified the Russians in London that they must be prepared to leave England at the earliest notice. Matters look very dark; funds going down; but it is asked, what can Russia do against the combined forces?

The preservation of Turkey, as a barrier to the advance and preponderance of Russia, and the consequent balance of power in Europe, is so glaring a necessity that even Louis Napoleon has deemed it advisable to give up competing with the northern tyrant. The English and French fleets have both been ordered to the Bosphorus; a firm has been granted to them to enter the Dardanelles, and should Russia, which everything seems to indicate, cross the Pruth, Mr. Whitton Richardson, well known in this city as recently of the firm of Richardson, Metherell & Co., corner of Court and Franklin Streets, was killed in the most tragic manner. The following are the melancholic particulars:—Mr. Richardson was in London at the time in Switzerland for his daughter, who went out on the train which arrived a moment after the accident. He saw the train burst upon the track opposite, and started to go across. Just at the moment the northern train approached, running at the rate of forty miles an hour. Whether or not Mr. Richardson saw the train, or whether he left the track or was taken suddenly ill, is not known.

The engine, however, struck him with tremendous force. His body was thrown into the air, and lay for a few moments on the ground, and scattered in every direction. Not a bone three inches long in his whole body was found. It was an indescribably awful sight. Portions of the hand were in one place, and of the fingers in another. On the platform of the station he lay bound to his heart, and a distance of some two rods from the track his liver. The preservation and dismemberment of the vital organs was complete. Of all the horrible scenes never witnessed, we venture to say that this never had a parallel in the painful. The scattered fragments of the body were gathered as well as could be. They presented a sight too shocking to describe; if we had written the heart or disposition. The entire body, brought into the city, had to be washed off, covered as it was with gore and fragments of the body. How dreadful must have been the feelings of that daughter, who, instead of the fond welcome of a father, which she left, was awaiting her, behind his blood and on every hand, no one to tell her it was over.

Outrages on Turks.—The taking of a *Lat.* seems to have originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law, and after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said Amen, "read in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Previously to that time the Patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people. It was not until after the return of the Jews from Babylonian captivity, during which period they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain it, as well as to read Scripture to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times the book of Moses was then read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. To this custom the Saviour conformed, and in a synagogue at Nazareth read passages from the Prophet Isaiah; then closing the book returned it to the priest, and presched from the text. This custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted in the dark ages, when the ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

The Chinese Rebellion.—The leader of the Chinese rebels, it is said, is only nineteen years of age. He is called Chu Kien-han. A reward of 4,000 dollars of silver has been offered by the Imperialists for his capture.

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless business, said in excuse:

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describer. A traveller in Brittany describes the peasant girls as attending at the fairs with their beautiful tresses, perfectly willing to sell out. He saw several girls sheared, one after another, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging to their waists. By the side of the dealer was a large basket into which the successive crops of hair were thrown, each tied up in a wisp by itself. For a head of hair about twenty sous in money is given, or a gaudy handkerchief. This hair is the finest, and most silken that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of Dutch farmers, who go over to England for orders about once a year.

Singular Train Incident.—On Wednesday last, a most tragic incident occurred on the Central Railroad, at Dryden station, in this county, the particulars of which are as follows:—An Ishman, whose name we have not learned, and who had been employed about the road there, took some time past, was waiting the arrival of the train to come to Altoona, and while his work about fell in with another, who was at work on the road; and the two, by some means, got into a good natural ruggedness, when the latter ran away, who first pursued, and in the chase the Ishman, who was close upon him, fell over him, and by a singular fatality dislocated his neck and instantaneously died.

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EDITORS:

SAM'L. W. MELTON...C. DAVIS MELTON.

CHESTER, S. C.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1853.

APOLOGIC.

For the past two weeks, our engagements have been such as to preclude the preparation of the usual editorial variety for our paper. We dislike apologies as much as we regret the occasions which require them; but must beg the indulgence of our readers for our late shortcomings, while we extend the promise of a more strict attention in the future.

A NEW RAILROAD.

On the first page will be found a full report of the proceedings of a meeting held recently at Newberry C. H., to which we invite the attention of our citizens. The project of a road from Chester to Newberry has many and strong arguments in its favor, and from the weighty results which would attend its construction, is entitled to serious consideration. We cannot give the matter a full hearing this week, but will endeavor to do so in our next issue.

MRS. W. C. PRESTON.

The worthy tribute to the memory of this excellent lady, which is published in another column, is taken from the *Columbia Banner*. The *Banner* says it was "written by an intimate and life-time friend of that lady. As no one knew her better, so no one, from his character, eminence and discrimination, could furnish a more just delineation."

BANK OF NEWBERRY.

This institution was organized on the 1st inst., and the following gentlemen elected Directors: B. D. Boyd, J. P. Kimball, J. A. Renwick, A. Turner, L. J. Jones, John Bolton O'Neal, John W. Simpson, Jacob H. Wells, E. Y. McElroy, S. T. Agnew, D. Nance, Silas Johnston, and Thomas B. Dillard.

At meetings of the Board of Directors, B. D. Boyd was elected President, and James F. Harrington a Director, vice Drayton Nance, who resigned.

COPARTNERSHIP.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the Copartnership notice of Messrs. ROSS & WARREN, Commission Merchants of Charleston. Mr. WARREN has been for a number of years proprietor and editor of the *Camden Journal*, and recently of the *Terrebonne Advocate*; and in the management of each has displayed much ability and a good business capacity. We are confident that any business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

It must be a matter of especial gratification to every true lover of his country, to observe the high regard which is still given to the natal day of independence, and to witness the true and genuine spirit which continues to mark its annual return. It might be thought, that as years pass by and the memory of the stirring events of the Revolution, as preserved by tradition, gradually loses its enlivening character, a corresponding degree of inattention and heedlessness would be exhibited towards their proper commemoration. That such is not the case, the press throughout the country, teeming with records of the joy and rejoicing which attend each successive return of our jubilee, affords an ample and pleasing testimony.

The Mad-dog season is now upon us, and we have already heard rumors of its abounding in a neighboring District. The following cures may be found worthy of attention:

Cur for Hydrocephalus.—The following is said to be an effectual remedy for this dreadful malady; and although we cannot vouch for its efficacy in all cases, it is certainly worth the trouble to try it.

The manner in which I am accustomed to advise its use, is to slice four or five okra and pour over upon this quantity one quart of boiling water; when cold allow it to settle. The subject should drink it frequently, and when water is required, it should not be sweetened.

The infusion must be renewed every day, as with all vegetable productions, it is liable to keep longer to an unwholesome fermentation.

Those who try it, will be pleased with its excellent effects.

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THE PALMETTO STANDARD.

Editorials Reading.

THE MAN WITH A CHALKED HAT.

A few days since, while one of the inmates of the River and Lake Express train was sleeping at Ulm's, the conductor was assailed by a tally-lean but shrewd specimen of humanity, whose appearance was indeed considerable verdant. He was dressed in a blue coat, hat, a white sailor's coat, and white leather moccasins, and had on the same material, and two skin boots. His hands were soon deep into his pockets. Giving a sharp, ringing shake, which caused the conductor to turn his head to one side, he then addressed the conductor:

"Now, do you know they say you're the driver of this car?"

"I am the conductor, sir."

"Really? Right smart of a horse, pointing to the Limerick, to pull you all along."

"Yes, sir, such horses can't be bought, sir."

"I know not, Colonel; but then—do you know, John Tompkins, up at Kenton?"

"No, sir, believe not."

"I think possible now is it, that you don't know John? Why, he's my brother; and I have blessed if I wouldn't go and see him in your dinner-table, if I was not afraid your players' horse could run away."

"There is no fear of that."

"Do tell me, so, now! You see I'm sort of green, but have heard tell of these pecky horses to him, and I'll be concerned, if the jockey look sleepy. It's human nature, you know, for a killer to be a little scared at the first noise he sees a beast."

"There is no danger, sir. If you wish to get me out, I will guarantee to take you there."

This appeared to ease Mr. Tompkins' mind, and he was walking round the train examining the horses, and questioning almost every person as to met with the probability of a runaway. The cold conductor he guessed however, was right. He was accordingly shown to a seat in a first class car. It happened that in the immediate vicinity of our Hoosier friend, was a party of funny gentlemen, who came to Kenton, I suppose, for a good joke in the person of a new passenger. They immediately got into a conversation with him, and soon discerned from his own lips, that his name was Reuben Tompkins, the twin brother of John, that he lived in the north-western Indiana, was green, and didn't know much about things, and was horribly affrighted at the horses getting scared and running away.

One of the party was introduced to him as Mr. Brown, the President of the road, who assured him that he was as safe in the car as out of it.

John continued the Limerick President, "I am not very much informed, that you are a relation to my very particular friend, Mr. Tompkins of Kenton."

"I am, sir. Mr. Tompkins of Kenton."

"Then, sir, it's my brother, that he knowns about big things in his region."

"Indeed, and as you are his brother, it will afford me inexpressible pleasure to chalk your hat, sir, by which you will not only escape the payment of fare, but all accidents, so long as you travel on this road."

"An amanuensis, replied the Hoosier; who quickly gave over his head-piece to receive the application of chalk."

The pretended President marked with chalk, in large letters, the following upon the crown of his hat—*Free paid—to h—l—Reuben Tompkins—everybody take notice.*

The horse was reined to his head with due severity, and all the passengers in the car, who by this time understood the joke, burst into a laugh, as Mr. Tompkins eyeing himself in a glass, declared with emphasis, that he was now "Some Punkins."

At this time, the conductor, who had been informed of the joke, and had received Tompkins' fare from a third person, approached the man with the chalked hat, and asked:

"Your ticket, sir."

"Ticket? Looky here, Colonel, I guess you don't know who you are talking to?"

"No sir, and it's not my business—just your ticket or your fare, sir, and that, too, without ceremony."

"Now, look sharp, karsn, or there will be a law. I ain't so green as you might take me to be. Now don't you see nothing?"

"I've another ticket or money, and—"

"Now look at my hat—what do you think of that?"

"Chalked by heaven!" exclaimed the conductor. "Dog your pardon, sir, for if I had known that your hat was chalked, I would not have intimated anything about pay, you have the freedom of the cars sir. Please make yourself at home."

"Lord won't I have a heap to tell all on 'em when I get home!" exclaimed Reuben overjoyed at the change in the behavior of the conductor towards him, when the 'chalk' was observed. "Really, it's surprisin', and I are some punkins sure, way down here away. What will the old gal say when I tell her all about it?"

It is needless for us to say that Mr. Tompkins' end of the car was soon crowded with passengers, whose merry faces and boisterous laughter indicated the amusement. Reuben's conduct afforded them. He took it all in right down earnest, and laughed with the rest of them, and once so delighted was he with the chalked hat, that he passed around a pound of beater crackers, which he had laid in at Urbans. He considered Mr. Brown a genuine friend, and freely

communicated to him all his secrets with the history of his family, from his grandfather on both sides down to his one year old. Continual roars of laughter followed the conversation, particularly as Mr. Tompkins fully appreciated the importance of a chalked hat and acted accordingly.

When within ten miles of Kenton, Mr. Brown, the self constituted railroad President, jumped up as if astonished, gave a sudden glance out of the window, looked at Reuben, and then clapping his hands, said:

"It ain't possible—yes it is—it is too bad—you have been deceived, Mr. Tompkins."

"Thunder! the boss ain't frenning off is it?" shouted Tompkins as he jumped to his feet.

"No, sir, it is far worse. The Conductor failed to notify you when we were at Kenton. We are now twenty miles beyond."

"Sugar and navigation!" shouted Reuben, tell him to come back! We'll stop the train What'll John say to all this?"

"This is bad business, Mr. Tompkins, but I will see the Conductor, and try to get him to turn around. If he can't do it, you must go to the World's Fair."

"Mr. Brown, I have not, Colonel; but then—do you know, John Tompkins, up at Kenton?"

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The pretended President marked with chalk, in large letters, the following upon the crown of his hat—*Free paid—to h—l—Reuben Tompkins—everybody take notice.*

The horse was reined to his head with due severity, and all the passengers in the car, who by this time understood the joke, burst into a laugh, as Mr. Tompkins eyeing himself in a glass, declared with emphasis, that he was now "Some Punkins."

At this time, the conductor, who had been informed of the joke, and had received Tompkins' fare from a third person, approached the man with the chalked hat, and asked:

"Your ticket, sir."

"Ticket? Looky here, Colonel, I guess you don't know who you are talking to?"

"No sir, and it's not my business—just your ticket or your fare, sir, and that, too, without ceremony."

"Now, look sharp, karsn, or there will be a law. I ain't so green as you might take me to be. Now don't you see nothing?"

"I've another ticket or money, and—"

"Now look at my hat—what do you think of that?"

"Chalked by heaven!" exclaimed the conductor. "Dog your pardon, sir, for if I had known that your hat was chalked, I would not have intimated anything about pay, you have the freedom of the cars sir. Please make yourself at home."

"Lord won't I have a heap to tell all on 'em when I get home!" exclaimed Reuben overjoyed at the change in the behavior of the conductor towards him, when the 'chalk' was observed. "Really, it's surprisin', and I are some punkins sure, way down here away. What will the old gal say when I tell her all about it?"

It is needless for us to say that Mr. Tompkins' end of the car was soon crowded with passengers, whose merry faces and boisterous laughter indicated the amusement. Reuben's conduct afforded them. He took it all in right down earnest, and laughed with the rest of them, and once so delighted was he with the chalked hat, that he passed around a pound of beater crackers, which he had laid in at Urbans. He considered Mr. Brown a genuine friend, and freely

communicated to him all his secrets with the history of his family, from his grandfather on both sides down to his one year old.

Continual roars of laughter followed the conversation, particularly as Mr. Tompkins fully appreciated the importance of a chalked hat and acted accordingly.

When within ten miles of Kenton, Mr. Brown, the self constituted railroad President, jumped up as if astonished, gave a sudden glance out of the window, looked at Reuben, and then clapping his hands, said:

"It ain't possible—yes it is—it is too bad—you have been deceived, Mr. Tompkins."

"Thunder! the boss ain't frenning off is it?" shouted Tompkins as he jumped to his feet.

"No, sir, it is far worse. The Conductor failed to notify you when we were at Kenton. We are now twenty miles beyond."

"Sugar and navigation!" shouted Reuben, tell him to come back! We'll stop the train What'll John say to all this?"

"This is bad business, Mr. Tompkins, but I will see the Conductor, and try to get him to turn around. If he can't do it, you must go to the World's Fair."

"Mr. Brown, I have not, Colonel; but then—do you know, John Tompkins, up at Kenton?"

"No, sir, believe not."

"I think possible now is it, that you don't know John? Why, he's my brother; and I have blessed if I wouldn't go and see him in your dinner-table, if I was not afraid your players' horse could run away."

"There is no fear of that."

"Do tell me, so, now! You see I'm sort of green, but have heard tell of these pecky horses to him, and I'll be concerned, if the jockey look sleepy. It's human nature, you know, for a killer to be a little scared at the first noise he sees a beast."

"There is no danger, sir. If you wish to get me out, I will guarantee to take you there."

This appeared to ease Mr. Tompkins' mind, and he was walking round the train examining the horses, and questioning almost every person as to met with the probability of a runaway. The cold conductor he guessed however, was right. He was accordingly shown to a seat in a first class car. It happened that in the immediate vicinity of our Hoosier friend, was a party of funny gentlemen, who came to Kenton, I suppose, for a good joke in the person of a new passenger. They immediately got into a conversation with him, and soon discerned from his own lips, that his name was Reuben Tompkins, the twin brother of John, that he lived in the north-western Indiana, was green, and didn't know much about things, and was horribly affrighted at the horses getting scared and running away.

One of the party was introduced to him as Mr. Brown, the President of the road, who assured him that he was as safe in the car as out of it.

John continued the Limerick President, "I am not very much informed, that you are a relation to my very particular friend, Mr. Tompkins of Kenton."

"I am, sir. Mr. Tompkins of Kenton."

"Then, sir, it's my brother, that he knowns about big things in his region."

"Indeed, and as you are his brother, it will afford me inexpressible pleasure to chalk your hat, sir, by which you will not only escape the payment of fare, but all accidents, so long as you travel on this road."

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